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**Making Ideals Work**

Because he believes in realizing the practicable rather than in talking about the impracticable, Mr. Hughes has aroused the ire of certain of Mr. Wilson's followers. He has clung tenaciously to the principle that a man who builds a house should start with the cellar and not the top floor. It is not difficult to understand why this policy should excite these tenacious advocates of impossibilities.

Mr. Hughes has no panacea for all the world's ills. He is no advocate of a fixed program which alone can usher in a new era and which his fellow countrymen in the Senate and without must sign on the dotted line. On the contrary, his method of approach to international problems is to attack sources of misunderstanding one by one, seeking to eradicate the specific causes of trouble and then to re-establish a spirit of co-operation between the nations involved.

He saw, for example, the need of ending the armament race. Instead of merely proclaiming this need abroad in high-sounding phrases, he called a conference of the principal nations concerned and submitted a definite program. The result, though still uncompleted, is already a contribution to practical idealism seen as no living generation has seen. For the first time in our era the great nations of the world have admitted that national defense, heretofore considered a matter of strictly national concern, is in reality of concern to the whole world.

He saw peace menaced in the Far East through a misunderstanding of national aims and ambitions on the Asiatic mainland. After the nations involved had aired their grievances he joined them in reaching an agreement, settling many of their difficulties. His predecessor's failure to win back Shantung for China was atoned for by Mr. Hughes.

He suggested and had adopted a regional understanding designed to eliminate causes of friction and so to avoid war among the powers of the Pacific. This was not merely talking about peace. It was organizing it, making it possible and probable.

In Latin America, instead of making fine-sounding promises, followed by intervention in Santo Domingo and Hayti and two little wars against Mexico, Mr. Hughes arranged to withdraw the American forces of occupation from Santo Domingo and expects soon to do the same for Hayti; he prevented a war between Costa Rica and Panama; he adjusted the long-standing dispute between Chile and Peru, and through his firm stand for the principles of international law he has brought our relations with Mexico nearer to a permanent friendly settlement than has been the case since the Presidency of Diaz.

In the Near East, instead of endorsing the chimerical scheme for an American mandate over Armenia, which would have embroiled us hopelessly in the worst and, to Americans, the least understood phases of European diplomacy, he has made it clear to the powers dealing with Turkey that the United States is deeply concerned over the protection under proper guarantees of philanthropic, educational and religious institutions and in suitable provisions for the safeguarding of minorities. He has reaffirmed America's belief in the principle of the open door.

Throughout the world Mr. Hughes has sought to further American interests as well as ideals. Insistent on the rights of Americans to participate on an equal footing with foreigners, he has supported their just claims, whatever the nature of their pursuit.

So far from turning his back upon ideals, Mr. Hughes is the only kind

of idealist worth having. He goes out after them, brings them down to earth and puts them to work.

**Thanksgiving**

If gratitude is the expectation of favors to come reason for gratitude is abundant. If it is, on the other hand, as the Pilgrim Fathers interpreted it, thankfulness for blessings already vouchsafed, Americans may surely observe the day without hypocrisy.

Were it possible to take an inventory of the nation's physical resources they would be found more than sufficient to meet any liabilities that are likely to be incurred in the national life for many years to come. Appraisal of the national character, which is of far more importance than an inventory of its wealth, is more difficult. But America, admitting for the sake of any argument into which we might be plunged with the interviewers of Rudyard Kipling that she has sometimes mislaid her soul, surely found it again in the Great War.

Here is no nation of money grubbers or of sordid bargainers. Should the other half of the world again be imperilled nobody on either side of the water can doubt that the United States would answer to the call of distress. True, we got something from the war, even though we asked nothing. But it was not money, nor territory, nor world power, but a better understanding of our own people and a firmer faith in them.

Whatever seeds of anarchy may have been sown upon this soil have found it barren to such a crop. The war and the dark days that followed it have proved only a test of strength, and in the meeting of that test it has been proved again that a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal shall not perish from the earth. For that alone every American should to-day give his devout thanks to Providence.

**The Senator From Detroit**

The Senate of the United States is to welcome an automobile manufacturer from Detroit after all. But he is not to be an advocate of peace ships and a scorn of history. Quite to the contrary, James Couzens split with Henry Ford during the war upon just these issues, remarking: "I think you're wrong on preparedness, history, finance and peace." Which fairly well covered that.

Since then, as Mayor of Detroit, he has given that vigorous city the sort of administration that New Yorkers yearn for and seldom get. In obedience to a law he took over the city's railways and ran them well—thereby proving that municipal operation is a fine thing if you can get the general manager of one of the nation's largest and most efficient automobile companies to boss it. Here in New York we have another set of facts and another theory. But that is another story.

What The Tribune especially likes about Senator Couzens is that he is not a stationary statesman. He is capable of both learning and forgetting. His mind has not set in any given year of the '80s or '90s or any other decade. He believes that the world moves, and he intends to be a Republican only so long as the Republican party moves with it. He should be a powerful recruit for the Republican party as The Tribune hopes to see that party develop in the coming years. Governor Groesbeck is to be congratulated upon his happy choice and Michigan upon its new power in the Senate. Detroit's loss is the whole country's gain.

**A Blunder or Worse?**

The Tribune has found much to praise in the broad recommendations of Seymour Cromwell, president of the New York Stock Exchange, for purifying financial practices and improving safeguards for the investor. It particularly regrets, therefore, the incident of the premature listing of the North American Oil Company, whose career as a listed stock lasted only one day. Errors and inflexions of rules cannot be avoided by the Stock Exchange or any other institution where the human equation is a factor. But at this time, when the exchange is undertaking to point the way to the rest of the nation in the matter of reforms designed to protect the investing public, it is especially desirable that its conduct be, so far as possible, above reproach.

If a blunder, or worse, has been made in connection with the listing of an oil stock which sold at \$30 a share on one day and was without a bidder the next, the Stock Exchange, after completing inquiries now under way, ought to make a public statement fixing the blame. Silence in such matters plays into the hands of the swindler, the blue-sky operator and the bucketeer, who point to such missteps as reasons why the unknowing should patronize them, instead of institutions of established reputation.

Aside from the legal technicalities, listing on the New York Stock Exchange places a security in a favored status, and, no matter how numerous the letters of recommendation, the authorities at the board should, in our opinion, act only on the basis of their own independent analysis.

There are two issues at stake: First, should the North American Oil shares have been admitted to trading? And, secondly, was the market, which seemed out of relation to the previous day's quotations for constituent companies on the Curb, genuine or willfully rigged?

**Worth the Effort**

The Tribune believes that the city administration could have, had it chosen to do so, supplied the Kings County Grand Jury, just dismissed, with evidence that vast improvement is still necessary in the conduct of the public markets.

But the finding of the grand jury that many improvements have been effected is a source of satisfaction. Before this newspaper came to the aid of the persecuted pushcart peddlers they were being mulcted for the benefit of as grasping a gang of Tammany officeholders as ever was sent out for plunder.

These are now at least obliged to turn their takings over to the city instead of pocketing them. Furthermore, public attention has been directed to the markets, and misconducting them is not going to be as easy or as safe as it has been.

The removal of the present Commissioner of Markets and the transferring of further investigations into their management from the hands of Mr. Hirschfeld would, of course, be beneficial. But neither of these things is to be expected of Mr. Hyman.

**Christmas Seals Are Ready**

One of the happiest expressions of goodwill and community service that the holiday season brings is the broadcasting of the Christmas seals. These inexpensive and attractive tokens are at hand again to grace letters and packages. The mails will be brightened with them from now till Christmas.

The annual sale of the seals will begin to-morrow, and the more that are sold the more lives will be saved. The New York Tuberculosis Association depends mainly upon the funds raised by the double red cross stamps to carry on its work through the year. The money entrusted to the association has been excellently used, as the decreasing death rate in this city from tuberculosis bears witness.

Here is a disease that is preventable and curable, but the task of combating it is one that must enlist the aid of every one. We can all have a modest share in the humane undertaking so vital to the general welfare by investing a few dollars, or even a few cents, in the Christmas seals. They will bring large dividends in health and happiness to many a family. It is hardly necessary to appeal to the generosity of The Tribune's readers in such a good cause, but they will be glad to be reminded that the Christmas seals are ready.

**The Anti-Lynching Bill**

The chief objection offered to the Dyer anti-lynching bill is that it is an invasion of states' rights. This matter was threshed out when the bill appeared before the House. Its opponents then went so far as to state that if it were passed the states would cease to exist except as geographical expressions.

As a matter of fact, there has long been indecision as to the boundary between Federal and state rights in the exercise of the police power. This the Dyer bill aims to eliminate. If the state or county fails to prevent lynching its officials become accountable to the Federal government. It is simply a matter of substituting Federal enforcement for local non-enforcement. The state is under a pledge to protect Americans and foreigners within its borders. If it continues to fail to do so, what other remedy is there than for the Federal government to step in?

Few indeed are those persons who attempt to justify lynching. But it is not enough merely to deplore this barbarous practice. Of what good are protestations of horror about lynching when these same protestations, who have the power to put an end to it, are unwilling to support measures designed to achieve this purpose?

**Preserve Secaucus!**

Dissent and remonstrance, widespread and emphatic, must greet the proposal for changing the name of Secaucus to Clarendon. The pretext alleged by those who are thus petitioning the Town Council is that the name Secaucus has been the butt of jokes and has thus retarded the growth of the town. To that we feel sure the better sense of the community will demur. Of course it is primarily a matter for the town itself to settle, and after that for the State of New Jersey to take an interest in. But as the place in question lies within the metropolitan suburban zone New York will surely be pardoned if it, too, expresses intense solicitude for the preservation of one of its highly prized possessions.

For that is what the name of Secaucus has been for generations past. It is honey to the tongue; it is music to the ear; it is an adornment of the map. It is a joy to the orthoepist, as one of the few names that cannot readily be mispronounced. Even upon the lips of a

train hand announcing the station it must sound crystal clear as it is liquid and melodious. It rivals the name of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, of which its proud possessor said "I've mind what a smooth, soft name I have! John—Boyle—O'Reilly—just like strokin' a cat!" That such a name should vanish from the map and from the tongues of men must be unthinkable.

New Yorkers don't know where it is, any more than Moonachie, or Succasunna, or Hohokus, or Hacklebarney, or any other of a multitude of places with whose names New Jersey has enriched the gazetteer. But they love to think that there is such a place. They have themselves let their own good old names of Tubby Hook and Bloomingdale and Carmansville and what not be eliminated and forgotten. But it comforts them to think that neighboring communities are wiser and more reverent. Life seems somehow brighter and sweeter and better worth living in the presence of names which are not merely five but full fifty "sweet symphonies," such as Acquackanonk and Parsippany, Allamuchy and Pahaquarry, Chestnutquack and Musconetcong, Cushetunk and Oranoken.

Of these verbal jewels, "that on the stretch'd forefinger of all time sparkle forever," there is none brighter than the much loved Secaucus. Long may it wave!

Undoubtedly the life insurance companies class membership in the Greek Cabinet as an extra hazardous occupation.

Hasn't Uncle Sam been a little late in discovering that it is not exactly ethical to take land away from the Indians?

**More Truth Than Poetry**  
By James J. Montague

**Hard to Understand**  
["Rat Week" is shortly to be observed in England.]  
Though it is not to be denied that in this busy nation Too many weeks are set aside For public observation, Though we are always in a fret Concerning this or that week, We're proud to say we never yet Have celebrated Rat Week.

Though England has declared she means For seven days to feature In journals and in magazines This base, burglarious creature, We loath the varmint such a lot, So scornfully we view him, That we assuredly would not Attract attention to him.

Though geese saved Rome and though a dove, When Noah cut his tether, Brought home the leafy tidings of A welcome change of weather, The rat raids granary and mill In quest of ill-got booty, He never has and never will Perform a public duty.

We hold that England is at fault— A monumental blunder Is this proposal to exalt A brute whose trade is plunder! To what on such a squeaking wheel A wealth of time and money Seems strange to us, to say the least— But Englishmen are funny!

**It Didn't Work**  
Maybe we won't be unofficial observers at the peace conferences very long. We started that way in the war.

**Abundant Supply**  
England will never lack for Prime Ministers as long as Scotland and Wales are so close by.

**Even on the High Seas**  
What Attorney General Daugherty is trying to do is to make the Constitution follow the jag. (Copyright by James J. Montague)

**Three Per Cent Beer**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Mr. Volstead, in his letter to The Tribune, states, among other things, that "3 per cent beer, as everybody knows, is intoxicating."

But "everybody" does not know that 3 per cent beer is intoxicating. I do not, for one. I have never yet seen any one drunk on straight 3 per cent beer (and in my time I have had an extensive and sad and varied experience with booze-fighters of every kind), nor, individually, have I ever possessed the physical capacity to contain enough 3 per cent beer to make me drunk.

Mr. Volstead should not lose sight of the fact that there are probably very few people who have ever been both physically and financially able to acquire and consume at one sitting enough 3 per cent beer to produce intoxication.

GEORGE WESTERVELT.  
New York, Nov. 28, 1922.

**"Congresswoman" Preferred**

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Please accept my congratulations for your good sense in using in the pictorial section the title "Congresswoman Huck." Some of our other just because she happens to take the chair held as a rule by a man.

Would not the term "chairwoman of the meeting" sound as well, have as much power, accuracy and dignity as "chairman of the meeting"? A woman is a woman even though elected or seated in a chair at a meeting. F. Peckskill, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1922.

**The Old Love**

(From The Atlantic Constitution)  
Still, the referee's whistle never can afford a thrill equal to that of the umpire's deep-throated "play ball."

**The Lantern**  
Copr., New York Tribune Inc., 1922

Thanksgiving Day was instituted, if we are not mistaken, by the Pilgrim Fathers, who invented at about the same period the saying "It might have been worse," which has since become a household word.

Of the Pilgrim Fathers we know very little at first hand. The only Pilgrim Father, in fact, whom we ever knew personally is Captain Peter Fitzurse. Captain Fitzurse contemplates a pilgrimage to all the places where he has become a father, which is, we believe, an original motive for the circumnavigation of the globe. (George Moore take note.)

When one considers that the original Pilgrim Fathers, who invented Thanksgiving Day, did not at the time have even axle grease to spread on their bread, and scarcely any bread to spread it on, one is obliged to arise and acclaim them as eternal members of the good sports' league.

There is a lesson here, a moral lesson which . . . but we desist. Probably Dr. Frank Crane has already done it.

Captain Fitzurse objects to being referred to as a gland-father.

It seems to have occurred to a great many different European statesmen that America is shirking grave responsibilities.

But they don't seem able to get together with regard to which responsibilities we are shirking.

If we shirk some of the responsibilities which the English think are paramount, we escape reproach from the French.

And the British are able to bear with a certain stoicism our failure to live up to the high standards which the French have been kind enough to set for us.

There are so many different countries in Europe, all with different notions of just what America should do to save the world, that sometimes we are in utter despair . . . we shall never be able to please all of them. We go to bed every night meaning with a sense of failure.

And they are all so unselfish about it; that hurts worse than anything else.

**CAPTAIN FITZURSE ANSWERS**

Sir: The communication in your paper yesterday from one Mrs. Angelina Ackles is a sordid statement by a sordid person of one side of a beautiful romance. It is true that she is the proprietress of a boarding house, and it is true that I married her daughter, Evelina, of whom I have no recollections that are not kind and tender. Had it not been for the unfortunate disposition of Mrs. Ackles, Evelina and I might now be living together in perfect harmony and affection. Evelina thoroughly understands my adventurous and poetic temperament, and always made allowances for any trifling deviations from the conventional and any little peccadilloes incident to the heyday of the blood.

The charge that I owe Mrs. Ackles money is not true. Mrs. Ackles owes me money. While I did her the honor to live in her house, the mere fact of my presence there attracted to her establishment more persons of good social antecedents than she had ever made contact with before. Indeed, she often told me herself (though she phrased it differently) that I, with my wit and liveliness as a raconteur, lent something to the dining table that it had not known previously. In short, to put it vulgarly, Mrs. Ackles made her profit "off of me."

I admit that during my stay at Mrs. Ackles' and the period of my married life with Evelina I was often short of funds. Due to an unfortunate litigation, that is now satisfactorily settled, the rents from my estates were received infrequently and irregularly. One would expect a woman of Mrs. Ackles' limited outlook upon life to consider poverty a reproach. Did I borrow of the other boarders? Perhaps there were a few comprehending spirits who looked, from time to time, in forcing out certain loans which enabled me to amuse myself and dress myself as a gentleman should.

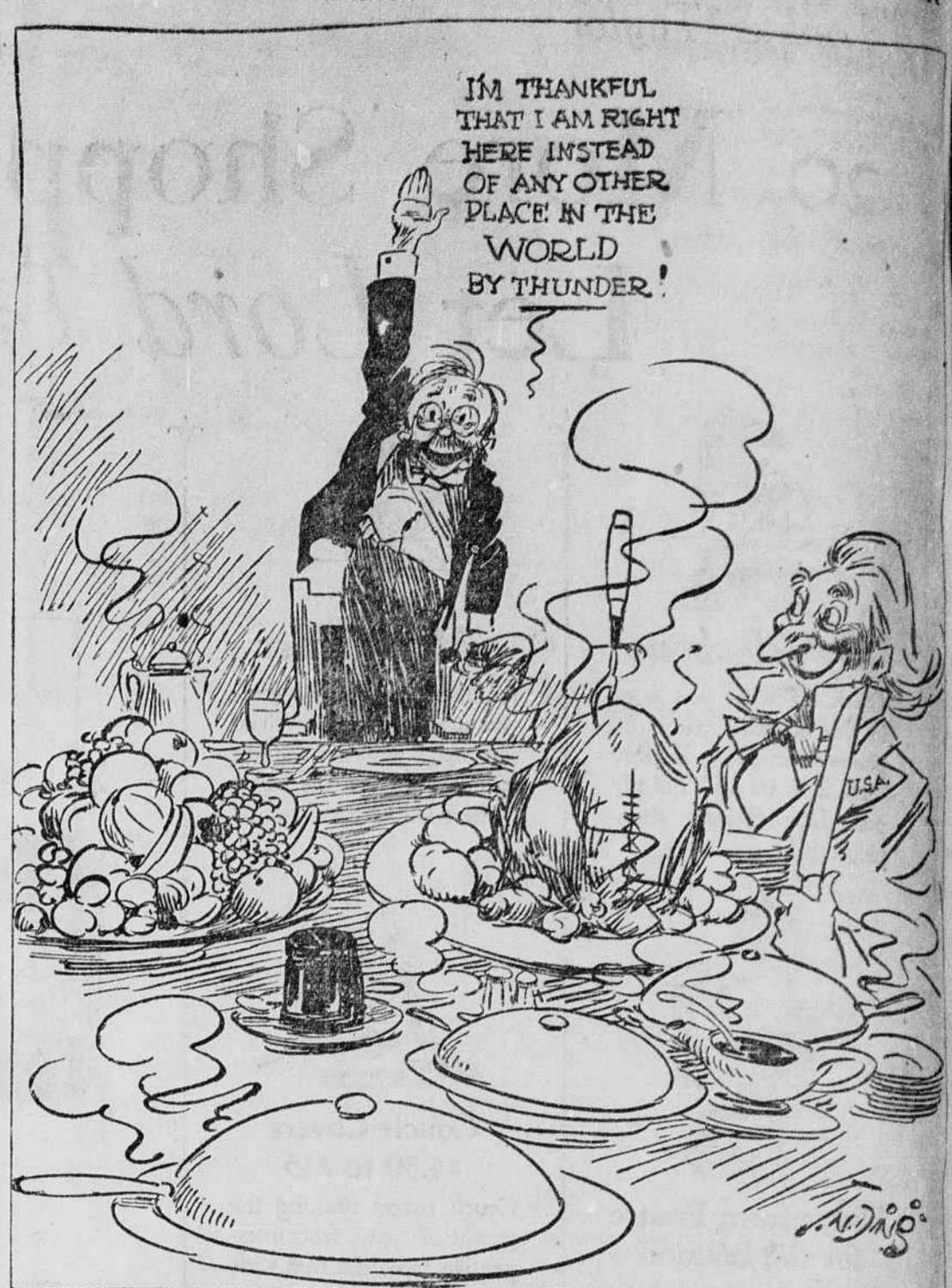
Mrs. Ackles casts doubt on the legality of my marriage to her daughter. I can only say that when I married Evelina I married her in good faith, believing myself to be free. It is truly a lady to whom I had formerly been married previously, claimed that she was still my wife. But I do not think she was right about it. However, the laws in America with regard to marriage and divorce differ so, in different states, that one can never be quite certain. All that a gentleman can be absolutely sure about is that his intentions are at the same time honorable and ardent, and that has been always the case with me whenever I have married.

Mrs. Ackles mentions a child in her letter, and I am sorry that this has not been brought to my attention before—doubtless sorry that it should have been brought to my attention for the first time in the public prints. I have always proved myself, in all my matrimonial ventures, an indulgent father. I have usually, through my influence with various governments, apprenticed my sons to the profession of arms, their career for gentlemen, and many of my daughters are happily married to soldiers. If Mrs. Ackles should eventually discover that there really is some flaw in the legality of my marriage to her daughter I shall adopt the boy legally, give him my name and do something handsome for him. The Fitzurses, sir, never dodge their responsibilities.

I am sorry to be compelled to make this public statement, but the attack was public, and I felt obliged for the sake of my friends to clear the matter up. With this letter I trust the whole Ackles episode closes and will remain an episode.

CAPT. PETER FITZURSE.  
DON MARQUIS.

**IF YOU ARE WONDERING WHAT TO BE THANKFUL FOR**  
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**Books and So Forth** By Frederic F. Van de Water (F. F. V.)

**DESTINY**  
O'er drab and futile tasks I pore,  
In sordid ways my life is laid—  
Yet I shall stand, at last, the door  
Where august Caesars stooped, dismayed.

No hosts my swift decisions wait;  
On humble paths I go and come—  
Yet I shall stand before that gate  
Where heroes halted, awed and dumb.

And there, when He, unseen, will watch  
One unrenowned for Worth or Sin,  
May I not fumble with the latch  
And fear to push the portal in.

Shall I, when I have struggled past  
The barriers that Fate had planned,  
Forget my longing, when at last  
I on Adventure's threshold stand?

I pray that for a second's space  
Upon that door my shadow fall  
Before I burst it in, to face  
The True Romance that waits for all.

**UNTIL** we started to read "From Seven to Seventy," the autobiography of Edward Simmons, we had no idea, such is our artistic blindness, who Edward Simmons was. We know now. He is our friend and we are his respectful admirer. That is the sort of volume "From Seven to Seventy" is.

Most persons who sit down to write their personal histories appear to feel, not unreasonably, that their triumphs should be the most important part of their history and everything else incidental. Mr. Simmons has reversed that scheme. A mural painter by profession, he has used a spacious canvas for his work. He has given us as vivid an impression of his surroundings as he has of Edward Simmons.

We don't remember whom he married. We don't think he says. We're uncertain whether he mentions his children, or the lack of them. He is a gentleman who has considered that

the world at large may not be particularly interested in his family affairs—or in any affairs exclusively his own, for that matter. So he tells the world instead of his contacts with Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Sumner, Louisa M. Alcott, John Brown, Verlaine, Whistler, Rosa Bonheur, Canfield, Booth, Stanford White and a score more.

Mr. Simmons was born in Concord in the parsonage where Hawthorne lived when he wrote "Mosses from an Old Manse." He lived in San Francisco during its vivid, prodigious youth. He studied in Paris and has worked for many years in New York. Each of these cities, in turn, forms the background for a life story that consists chiefly of one anecdote after another—gorgeous anecdotes that restore flesh and blood to persons who had begun to grow glamorous and indefinite through the passage of the years.

Edward Simmons is a great artist—more shame to us for our ignorance. We think that he is even greater as an autobiographer. After reading his account of his life, you feel real regret that he isn't a cat.

It is a great pity that all autobiographers are not as frank as Mr. Simmons—or even more so. After all, each man's knowledge of himself and the theories of living that he has built up for that self during the course of two or three generations, embody everything that fiction tries to encompass and so seldom achieves.

The best fiction, we think, is generally directly or indirectly autobiography—and the worst part of autobiography is the fiction that the writer instills into it to shield or glorify himself. The chief fault of the man who sets out to write the story of his life is that he is less willing to be honest about himself than about anything else in the world. He admits this, but instead of conceding that his ego makes

him a liar, insinuates with humble pride that he is modest.

Men set out on their voyage and in its course explore the bays and estuaries of life, ground on its shoals, are buffeted by its storms. Then, when port is in sight, they hide everything they have found in their adventures. There are either miserably—or artistically—feebly imitations of a saga, instead of an elaboration, clarification and summation of the facts set down in the log book.

Consequently, for truth concerning human conduct and the operation of these formulae we call life, one has to go back to the Bible, which, after thirty or forty centuries, still remains the greatest of human documents. It may be divine inspiration that makes the pages of the Old Testament vivid to-day. Rather, we think, it is an absence of self-consciousness and this modern restriction men call modesty—which is not infrequently fear of the libel law.

When we become Czar we shall insist that each man who has left his mark upon his era shall be compelled to write a candid story of his own life to be published. If he desires, custom of humanity, we might lose some of our present heroes, but we think that the heroes, now unknown, who would be raised to glory would more than compensate for the loss.

Out of such a mass of testimony and unvarnished accounts of experiences there would develop in time a sort of Bureau of Life Navigation, to which we mariners could refer for maps and advice and to which we could eventually report uncharted islands and unmarked reefs encountered on our own voyages.

There is still another unusual thing about Mr. Simmons' autobiography. He has evidently written it himself.

**What Readers Are Thinking**

**Sunken Roadway for Autos**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: I notice with much interest and satisfaction the incipient agitation against existing conditions in regard to motor vehicles in this city, an agitation which, unless I am very much mistaken, will shortly reach proportions that will compel the authorities to take some other steps for the protection of pedestrians than posting placards telling them not to get hurt. It is time for them to wake up to the fact that an arrangement by which motors and human beings travel on the same level is not practicable. The motor can kill the human being, while the latter cannot even stop the motor. A trolley car runs on a track and stays there, so that one can easily avoid contact with it. Automobiles run anywhere by which a minute or two can be saved, at the expense of the pedestrian's safety. Sometimes, in the hands of inexperienced or careless drivers, they transgress on the sidewalk and even invade buildings by way of their plateglass windows.

There is one and only one solution of the traffic problem, and that is a sunken roadway for automobiles, the cost to be met not by additional taxation of the unfortunate pedestrian, who has already suffered loss of health and destruction of nerves, but by a direct tax on all motor vehicles which will provide a sufficient sum for the building and maintenance of such a roadway for their collective use.

I protest against an elevated sidewalk, which has more than once been suggested as an ameliorative measure and which would mean additional exertion for the aged, the lame and the ever-increasing number of persons suffering from heart troubles.

Is there not some public-spirited citizen of established reputation who is ready to head a pedestrians' protective association? He could be sure of an immediate and enormous following.

CORNELIA R. MAURY.  
New York, Nov. 28, 1922.

**Elevator Hat Etiquette**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Henry Finlay, who writes to you about "Elevated Hats," is laboring under a delusion when he infers that "a woman who travels in an office building is only a worker and therefore not in the same class with the women who enter elevators in a building which is lived in." Does not Mr. Finlay know that some of the very women who travel in the elevators of hotels and apartments likewise ride in office building elevators?

I am quite aware of the fact that present day etiquette does not require that a man remove his hat in an office building elevator in the presence of women, nor do women expect such treatment; nevertheless, I think you will agree with me that Mr. Finlay is

sadly in need of enlightenment with respect to women workers.

I am "only a worker," but my employer accords the same courtesy to me that he does to his friends. Furthermore, I consider that I can hold my head quite as high as any man whose company I happen to travel in an office building elevator.

HELEN F. HOUSTON.  
New York, Nov. 28, 1922.

**Kemal and Oil**  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: The following statement by Mustafa Kemal, the new ruler of Turkey, shows that he is a dangerous revolutionary whose government should be put down by force, and, if necessary, the United States should promptly declare war against it:

"It is evident that enslavement of a people in order to appropriate its natural resources of their country is contrary not only to the principles of the century but also to the elementary principles of humanity."

"We think the oil riches of Turkey, which moreover are within its frontiers defined by our national pact, ought to be exploited for the common benefit of the region's population and all humanity without a monopoly of any sort."

WHIDDEN GRAMER.  
New York, Nov. 27, 1922.